

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES.

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By Gen. O. O. Howard.



URING HOOD'S grand raid every military department of service, already grown skillful by repeated experiences, was worked to its utmost. The Quartermasters did their best to furnish forage, and their transportation was beyond anything we had estimated. The railway men from high to low were not only skillful, but they were intensely active, putting back culverts that were torn up, replacing bridges destroyed, and straightening rails badly bent. The whistle of the locomotive was made to follow our operations and cheered us as we toiled on night and day to recover our lines from the grasp of our enterprising foe.

The medical department had good officers and able assistants, both in the hospitals and in the field. Their promptness, their energy, their skill, and their uniform kindness and patience can never be forgotten by sick and wounded men who have survived those perilous times. Nothing, however, exceeds the satisfaction with which we recall the men who fed us.

The Commissary officers managed, by the aid of all whom they could reach and influence, to give us good meat and good bread. They accomplished all this in spite of the suddenness and woeful uncertainty of the 300-mile campaign.

But it appears to me that the success of Sherman in making Hood's raid as little harmful as it was, is due, primarily, to our able Signal Officers and men. The telegraph lines were cut. It was impossible to send Aids and Orderlies to communicate, and yet communication

duty and make observations. They have held

ISOLATED STATIONS in close proximity to the enemy with little or no guard, as was the case with Capt. A. S. Cole and Lieut. J. B. Foraker on Vining's Station; and afterwards, on the same station, Lieut. F. H. H. Burton and Lieut. Fish, and on Kennesaw Mountain Station, James H. Connelly. None of these officers or their men were found wanting when danger stared them in the face."

It will be recalled that the Army of the Tennessee—that is, the most of it—remained at Gaylesville, Ala., for a short time, then changed its camp to Cave Spring and to Cedartown, Ga., making

short marches. Every hostile soldier was so far away that our occupation of the country was peaceful. The inhabitants soon became acquainted with us, and our camps afforded good centers for trade.

A few words concerning our method of procuring supplies in these places and until we were again in the vicinity of Atlanta will be appropriate. We were ordered, when leaving Atlanta, by Gen. Sherman, as we saw in Davis's instructions, to take with us forage and rations for ten days.

We could not comply strictly with the forage requirement, as at the time we had not enough on hand, and could not secure it from any point near our camp; but, fortunately, after our first day's march, coming into the vicinity of Smyrna Camp-ground, we came upon large fields of good grass.

In fact, this sort of forage was excellent all the way to Marietta and for some distance northward. The only difficulty was in getting time enough during forced marches for feeding; yet, at every halt the large fields were dotted with horses, mules and beef cattle which belonged to the commissary, quietly feeding as contented as if they were in their own pastures at home.

On account of insufficiency of time to graze we lost many of the poorer mules and some artillery horses during the first day; and, in fact, these losses distressed us till after passing Ship's Gap, north of the Etowah, when the forage wagons became empty and the grass neither abundant nor nutritious.

The weaker mules were detached and sent away in herds to Chattanooga. The best being retained, were held to service.

At Resaca, where the brave Col. Wever resolutely kept his garrison; at Rome, to which the gallant Gen. Corse had returned; and at places in the vicinity of these stations, considerable transportation was broken up. The wagons were sent back, and the mules were attached to the artillery on account of our shortage of horses, to enable us to move it with the command.

During our rest at Gaylesville, Ala., pursuant to new directions from Gen. Sherman, a redistribution of artillery was made, leaving but one battery to a division; then, by judicious exchanges, the good horses were attached to the retained batteries, and the remainder were hurried off toward our depots at Rome and Chattanooga.

Passing Ship's Gap, where the able Gen. Woods had his successful combat, our supplies from the country were unexpectedly on the increase; a little farther on westward beyond Taylor's Ridge the country was picturesque, abounding in charming valleys, with good soil and abundant productions all the way to Little River. Vaun's Valley was very fertile, and happily, filled with corn, sweet potatoes, flour, pigs, cattle, sheep, and fowls.

Cedartown, Ga., also, and all its bright neighborhood, rejoiced in a plentiful supply of grain. So, as you may well imagine, our animals day by day were recuperating their flesh and their strength, and, indeed, my two corps were

SURPRISINGLY WELL SUPPLIED with provisions from the country during our return march, which was made by short stages for the very purpose of rest and refreshment after the 300 miles of severe campaigning which the indomitable Hood had so suddenly thrust upon us.

The 3d of November we encamped near Dallas, and viewed again the lamented McPherson's battlefield, which at that point was so much prolonged by Joe Johnston's obstinacy the preceding May.

The 4th of November we were grouped near Lost Mountain, where it was easier to lose your way from the thick woods and the crooked roads than to lose sight of the mountain. In fact, the mountain, unaccountably named "Lost," enabled a wanderer to find his pathway.

The 5th of November brought the Army of the Tennessee to Smyrna Camp-ground, where Stanley had celebrated the 4th of July with double skirmishes and shotted cannon. There we remained in that religious camp (for it was named in consequence of camp meetings held there before the war) until the 13th of November.

Gen. Sherman himself, as early as Nov. 2, had changed his Headquarters to the little hamlet of Kings- ton, Ga., situated just north of the Etowah and on our railroad line. From this point that same day the significant dispatch to Grant: "If I turn back, the whole effect of my campaign will be

lost. * * * I am clearly of the opinion that the best results will follow my contemplated movement to Georgia." Grant's reply is also worth recalling. Here is an extract: "Your dispatch of 9 a. m. yesterday just received. * * * I do not see that you can withdraw from where you are to

without giving up all we have gained in territory; I say, then, go on as you propose."

Our sick in increasing numbers before the campaign, but proportionately diminishing during Hood's raid, were brought together at Rome and Atlanta. Now, while we rested, they were carefully removed to Chattanooga and Nashville; also, surplus stores of every kind that had accumulated at Atlanta were sent back as fast as possible.

Gen. Corse acted at Rome in this respect as did our Chief Quartermaster at Atlanta. Then, on the 10th of November, after he had demolished the store-

houses, he evacuated Rome and commenced his march toward Atlanta. During the 12th of November the troops with me destroyed all the railroad from Big Shanty forward to the Chattahoochee River, burning the ties in heaps and twisting the rails, after they had been heated, in the middle. The stretch of railroad completely disabled was about 22 miles in extent.

Nov. 13 my army broke camp and proceeded to Atlanta. We chose a camp for concentration at a railroad station south of the city, then called White Hall, situated about half way to East Point.

Corse arrived the evening of the 14th. John E. Smith's Division, that had been guarding the railway during the greater

part of our Atlanta campaign, portions of which had been stationed at Resaca and Allatoona, concentrated at Cartersville, then, marching on southward, also joined us the morning of the 14th. Thus my own field command was again gathered together. Of course, by breaking up our lines of communication the effective force was increased. Besides these additions, an encouraging number of sick recovered, and recruits brought from the North, joined the different regiments, so that my effective troops were in the neighborhood of 30,000.

My own estimate of the aggregate of the Army of the Tennessee was 33,000. That

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of 300 miles, so boldly undertaken by Hood, became to our army a positive advantage. The soldiers and the animals left to us were far better prepared for future operations than in the outset, and, costly as it was, Hood had actually aided Sherman by his raid in clearly defining the work to be done by Thomas from Nashville and by himself from Atlanta.

Not all of my army witnessed the destruction of Atlanta. Slocum's wing was more cognizant of the final exciting events. Capt. Oakley remarks: "While our post band and that of the 33d Mass. played martial airs and operatic selections, 60,000 of us witnessed the destruction of Atlanta. Our regular routine was a mere form, and there could be no 'taps' amid the brilliant glare and excitement."

While Sherman, accompanied by Slocum, are taking their last glimpses of this great railroad center, now mostly in ashes, and pushing off toward Augusta, my command was moving southward.

To map out the battle of Griswoldville one may do so more easily by first making a slight sketch of our general operations. Atlanta has been won, then saved, then almost depopulated, and at last its ashes abandoned. The Army of the Tennessee, consisting of the Fifteenth Corps, under Osterhaus, during the temporary absence of Logan, and the Seventeenth Corps, under Blair, just returned, about 33,000 strong all told, left White Hall Nov. 15, 1864.

Kilpatrick's cavalry, about 5,000 horsemen, had already reported to me, and were sent during the first part of "the March to the Sea" to clear my front and watch my right flank as we wandered southward.

Till Nov. 19, to all appearances we were sweeping on toward Macon; then first our infantry by a sudden turn to the left crossed to the east of the Ocmulgee on pontoon bridges. The steep and muddy banks were bothersome. The cavalry followed close, and, as soon as over the river, again quickly turned down the first roads toward East Macon. The army, clambering up with difficulty the east bank of the river, made straight for a station on the Macon & Savannah Railroad called Gordon. Our trains, including Kilpatrick's, stretched out, were 37 miles long. To get those wagons "parked" at Gordon without accident was our problem.

Osterhaus, commanding our Fifteenth Corps, was on the right. He struck the Macon & Savannah Railroad early the 22d of November. Then, turning back a

them a part of Kilpatrick's cavalry. Wood thereupon sent Walcott that way past the station of Griswold.

(To be continued.)

WHEN THE ANGEL CALLS THE ROLL.

BY L. E. GREENAN, CO. D, 20TH OHIO, OXFORD OHIO.

(Tune: "Just before the battle, mother.")
How the mighty ones have fallen,
Sherman, Sheridan and Grant;
Hancock, Slocum, Meade and Logan—
We have sung their requiem chant.
And a thousand, thousand others,
Have all passed the final goal,
Hark, the angel sounds for silence
While the angel calls the roll!

Chorus:
Are you ready brothers, ready?
Are you every whit made whole?
Will you enter blessed annals
When the angel calls the roll?

Tear by tear are comrades falling
On life's closing battle field;
Yielding to the last of foemen,
Who despises sword and shield.
Though their names are found in story
Boldly 'graved on Honor's scroll,
They have heard the last requiem,
Now the angel calls the roll.—Chorus.

How they gather up their garments
As they near the surging tide;
O, what throngs of comrades meet there
As they reach the other side!
Saints and angels join the heroes,
With a welcome for each soul;
But the choirs of heaven are silent
While the angel calls the roll.—Chorus.

Brothers, brave, the end is coming,
Are you ready for the fray?
Can you stand the grand procession
In the world's great judgment day?
Have you found a friend in Jesus,
Who hath died for every soul?
Will you hear his words of welcome
When the angel calls the roll.—Chorus.

SHAKE!

By J. H. LOZIER, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, late Chaplain of 27th Ind. Cavalry, First National Encampment, G. A. R. Reprinted by the author at Louisville National Encampment.

Yes, I'm a "Yankee" veteran as sure as you're alive!
Went in just after Sumter, and out in sixty-five;
Got caught in several battles, and saw more fight than fun;
Was awful 'fraid of bullets, and more afraid to run;
Was down here in the sixties, when many Northern braves
A welcome met "with bloody hands to hospitable graves."
But while these conflicts gory and memories awake,
Let's rally round "Old Glory" and have a friendly Shake!

We meet not as in war time, in battle's fierce array;
Although the sight of comrades gives thought a little way;
But, say? You clasp who tackled us in sixty-one and two,
And made it sultry for us while we mopped the earth with you.
Think you we Yankees hate you because you wore the gray?
Little we care for what you were, so you're all right today.
But if you say, with Gordon, "we made a grave mistake!"
We boys in blue sing out to you, "Join 'em," come up and Shake!

Yes, some of us are crippled, but I, for one, can say
I wasn't wounded hunting "the thickest of the fray."
For when we fought you "Johnnies," I tell you candidly
The thinnest spot I ever struck was thick enough for me!
'Twixt here and Appomattox lie many a Waterloo,
And many a Thermopylae these Southern lands bestrew.
For 'twas no craven alien band whose lines we fought to break,
And neither grasped a coward's hand when "Yank" and "Johnny" Shake!

We shook back in the sixties, for, be the truth confessed,
Our fingers pressed the trigger—and our knees did all the rest!
But here our honors brighten, each faced a hero band;
Where Titan fought with Titan, Titans alone could stand!
Within the ranks of valor what Chieftains led the van!
Grant, Lee, and Bragg, and Sherman, Jackson, and Sheridan,
While each receives our homage for dauntless valor's sake,
The "rank and file" gather the while 'neath the "old flag" and Shake!

But while your zeal and valor command the North's applause,
Let's turn his fiery current toward a better cause;
Let us sustain America against all rival powers,
And stand four-square against the world for that old flag of ours!
Let elbow touch to elbow, and Dixie keep pace with rank,
And let there be no "boycott" in Dixie 'gainst the "Yank."
And thus as peers among the years we'll march without a break,
And greet "Old Glory" with our cheers, and shake, and shake, and SHAKE!

AN III WIND.
(Truth.)
"Curse the luck!"
The milkman gave a vicious tug at the pump handle and jumped into his wagon. Giving vent to his spite by whipping his horse unmercifully, he sped down the road, leaving the air blue behind him.

For years he had left home every morning before daybreak with his cans half filled with milk. These he stocked up with water from the old pump and then proceeded to serve his customers. For the first time in his career as a purveyor of pure milk from his own dairy, the pump had failed him. Somebody had broken the handle.

It was too late to return home, and he hadn't the nerve to borrow any water from his neighbors, hardened though he was. In the midst of his reflections he was accosted by a stranger, who ordered him to stop, at the same time displaying a State Dairy Inspector's badge. With a much better grace than the official had expected, the milkman pulled up his horse and uncovered the cans for inspection. The result was a complete surprise to the man with the badge. He was utterly dumfounded. For the first time in his life all the milk he tested was absolutely pure.

The news spread far and wide. Soon the milkman had not a single rival left in the place. The monopoly made him rich, and everywhere he went he was proudly pointed out as the honest milkman.

CAMPAIGN CRITICISMS.

Apt Comments Upon Topics of War Time.

FIRST BULL RUN.

Contemplated Richmond's Early Capture and Close of the War.

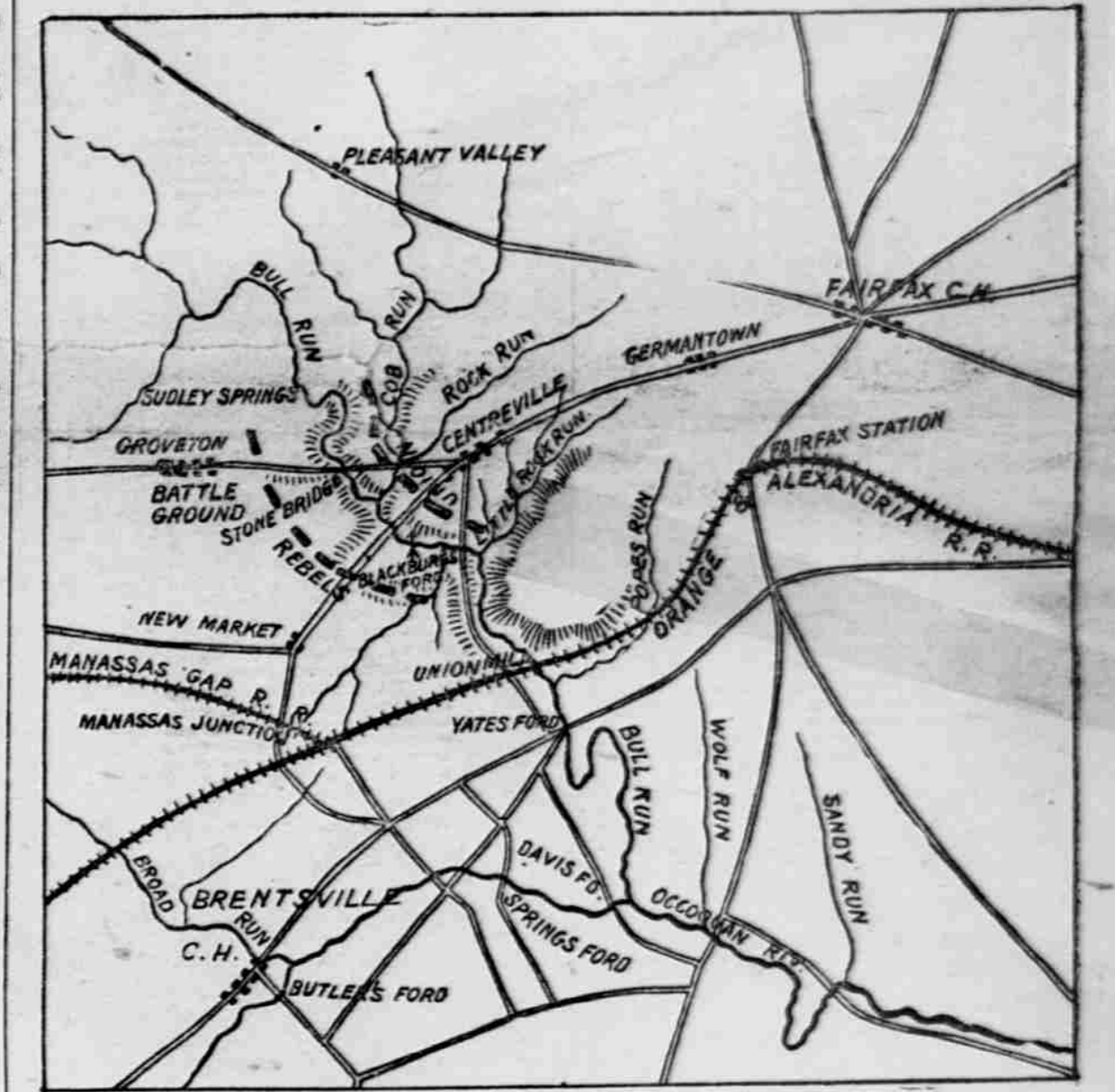
REBEL EGOTISM.

Chance for the Confederates Which Came But Once.

BY J. E. WILLIAMS, BOX 676, LEBANON, O.

IN MANY RESPECTS the Bull Run campaign was the most peculiar of the whole war. It seems to have been largely planned by Gen. Scott, and endorsed by the President, Secretary of War, and Gen. McDowell.

The first objective was the Confederate army, which was then menacing the Federal Capital, and intrenched behind Bull Run, some 30 miles west of Washington. Of course, it also contemplated the early capture of Richmond, and the closing of the war. This indicates how very ignorant the Washington authorities were as to the temper and resources of the Southern people, and the diffi-



MAP OF BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

culties in the way of realizing complete success along that line.

It was just about four years afterward that the maximum fruitage, as contemplated in this campaign, was realized. The Confederates, too, were deceived quite as badly as the Federals. They expected to command a peace upon their own terms after this one campaign. They expected to

ANNIHILATE THE "YANKEE" FORCES so soon as they could meet them in an open field.

In an article written after the war by Gen. Beauregard, he said his choice plan of defensive operation in the campaign was to throw his entire army, which he quoted at 18,000, between the Federal army and Washington, so soon as they came near to his position at Manassas Junction. But, just hear the rest of it! He at the same time says he knew that Gen. McDowell had 50,000 men.

Just think of the wonderful figure he expected to cut with only 18,000 against 50,000 in an open field encounter! It shows either a lack of military judgment or an unwarrantable egotism.

Many things were done by the commanders on both sides at the beginning of the war that would have been soundly condemned by a private at the close of it. In the first place there was no attempt made toward secrecy. The New York dailies published the order to move on the night of July 16. And Gen. Beauregard knew it before the army left Washington. In the second place, a

BATTLE WAS PLANNED in detail before there had been any reconnaissance by scout or army force. And this is the one blunder, more than any other, that finally caused the utter failure of the campaign.

I know it is denied that this plan contemplated a crossing of Bull Run at Mitchell's and Blackburn's Fords, but the evidence is irresistible to the contrary. But when McDowell saw that this plan would divide his army, and subject either wing to great danger, and that, too, with the rugged banks of Bull

Run just behind him, he saw that to fight there was to court defeat. "And the fact is, he could not have planned Beauregard better than to have forced a crossing at these two fords, provided he had waited two days to do it. And had Beauregard's reinforcements been up at the time doubtless he would have allowed him to cross there at once."

McDowell then spent two whole days planning for battle. These are the days that decided the fate of that campaign.

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston's 7,000 troops, with 20 pieces of artillery, from the Shenandoah Valley, and Gen. Holmes's 2,500 troops, with nine pieces of artillery, from near Fredericksburg, were called, during these two days, to reinforce Gen. Beauregard, and did not arrive until the afternoon of the 20th of July, just two days after the battle was intended to be fought by the first plan.

I know that Gen. McDowell gave as a reason for this delay that he was waiting for provision. The army had only marched 24 miles from its base. It had only been two days in campaign. What excuse would not have been more reasonable?

But how could Gen. McDowell account for such a determined assault at these two fords? It did not require any such extended effort to develop Gen. Beauregard's line at that point. There were eight other fords within four miles of these two fords. It seems as if wisdom would have suggested

FEELING SOME OF THEM with a part of this reconnaissance. The evidence is almost too strong for any controversy at this point.

We do not blame Gen. McDowell for making a new plan. Those two fords were the most dangerous of any on the entire stream. And, all things considered, we cannot blame Gen. McDowell with unnecessary delay. Two days is a long time to maneuver in the face of an enemy; but, perhaps, the new

plan required the time. The responsibility rested rather at Washington in planning a battle in detail without more extensive knowledge of the aspect of the country.

And now let us look at the new plan, and see if it was creditable, or the best, under all the circumstances. We do not hesitate for one moment to say that it has much more merit than the Washington plan possessed, and yet it was clearly not the best. He uncovered his base. In reality, he had no line of retreat at all. Had Gen. Beauregard ordered Gen. Ewell by way of Mitchell's Ford, and Gen. Holmes by way of Ball's Ford, converging on Centerville, when the retreat first began, there would not have been much left of Gen. McDowell's grand army. This was, perhaps, the weakest point in his entire plan.

But the enemy did not avail himself of the benefits thus offered, and the Federal army did not lose anything thereby; but it was a

GREAT BLUNDER in Gen. McDowell's plan. This is, however, not what defeated him. His plan otherwise was a good one. It might have succeeded, too, had he supported his strategy. But his turning column was only about 18,000 men, and he fought them well, too. He allowed Gen. Beauregard to combine his forces and hurl them against his smaller column.

Doubtless he might have prevented this by having struck Beauregard's line at Island Ford and at Ball's Ford, and thus force him to uncover the Federal left. This would have left Gen. McDowell in easy possession of the Henry and Jones Plateaus, and would have forced the Confederate line into a general trend north and south, so as to be entailed by the Federal line. This would not only have defeated Gen. Beauregard's tactics, but at the same time it would have forced him into a new line farther south and back from the Bull Run Creek, and the Federal line would still be in a first-class flanking position; or he could have reinforced by the Stone Bridge quite as easily and as quickly as Gen. Beaure-



ATLANTA AND VICINITY.

little towards East Macon, he told his subordinate, Gen. Chas. R. Woods, to watch out that way with his division and help Kilpatrick, for much Confederate force (perhaps 5,000 strong) of infantry and cavalry and artillery was reported as already over the Ocmulgee in East Macon, and evidently proposing to attack something. They might, at least, catch our long, snaky trains and cut them asunder. Gen. Woods obeying orders from Osterhaus, faced back, and took up a strong position near a church; then he sent thither one brigade—his Second, Brig.-Gen. C. C. Walcott commanding—with total present for duty, 1,513 men. Walcott had also two cannon of the 1st Mich. Just then, at the start, the Confederates were noisily driving before

houses, he evacuated Rome and commenced his march toward Atlanta. During the 12th of November the troops with me destroyed all the railroad from Big Shanty forward to the Chattahoochee River, burning the ties in heaps and twisting the rails, after they had been heated, in the middle. The stretch of railroad completely disabled was about 22 miles in extent.

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